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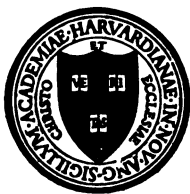
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THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
(CLASS OF 1882)  
OF NEW YORK

1918





# **Stability,**

AN INDISPENSABLE ELEMENT OF USEFULNESS AND GREATNESS.

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AN

## **ADDRESS**

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

**ALUMNI OF RUTGERS COLLEGE,**

**JULY 14, 1840,**

AND

INSCRIBED TO THEM BY THEIR CONSOCIATE,

**ISAAC N. WYCKOFF, D. D.**

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**ALBANY:**

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FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1918

*New-Brunswick, July 14, 1840.*

REV. I. N. WYCKOFF, D. D.

*Sir*—The undersigned were appointed a committee on behalf of the Association of Alumni, at a meeting held this day, to convey to you the following :

*Resolved unanimously*, That the thanks of the Association be tendered to the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff for his eloquent and able address, this day pronounced before the Association, and that a copy be requested for publication.

In performing our duty, permit us to add our earnest hope, that the request contained in the above may be complied with.

Respectfully,

CHRISTR. C. HOAGLAND,  
G. J. GARRETSON,  
ROBT. H. PRUYN.

*New-Brunswick, July 14, 1840.*

MESSRS. HOAGLAND, GARRETSON AND PRUYN :

*Gentlemen*—While making the arrangements for my departure, I have received your note. I have only a moment to say, that as the following address was prepared at the invitation of the Association of Alumni, and pronounced for their profit and pleasure, I commit it to their hands, to make any farther use of it they may judge desirable.

Permit me to add my high consideration of the courteous manner in which you have presented the request of the Association.

Yours respectfully,

I. N. WYCKOFF.

## ADDRESS.

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### GENTLEMEN ALUMNI OF RUTGERS:

I rise to address you on this anniversary with emotions of good will and pleasure in my heart, and with the words of congratulation on my lips. I have been willing to trench upon the hours of relaxation and of rest, that I might enjoy this season of communing with days that are past, and with you. I respectfully congratulate you on the auspices of a kind Providence under which we meet this day.

*Gentlemen Alumni:* The very name by which I am called to address you, invokes a thousand pleasing images that come trooping up on the field of memory. Here comes the vision of the hours, when I myself, within these halls, was drawing rich draughts of intellectual food, from the fostering bosom of our alma mater. The images of those who then stood by my side, in youthful bloom, rise to my view. My beloved class-mates, where are they now? Alive, and blessing their generation. Four of them proclaiming the name of the King of Kings, and the rest nobly sustaining the social and political interests of their country. Their blameless and lovely youth, was the fitting precursor of their honorable and use-



ful manhood. On none of them has vice fixed her horrid mark of shame. On none of them has death been permitted to lay his cold hand. Long may they live to adorn the circles of society which they honor, and at last descend to blessed graves amidst the benedictions of multitudes.

*Gentlemen Alumni:* This name is full of interest, from an association that comes like a charm over every generous heart—that of infant helplessness and maternal care. My mother. Sacred name!

“Who was’t that smil’d the live long day,  
And kiss’d the tear of grief away,  
And bade me fold my hands and pray?

My mother.”

Let the reckless sons of dissipation, and the witling brood of vanity, and the dastard sprigs of precocious pride, sneer at the thoughts of listening to the voice of their mother; but the truly wise, the noble minded and the generous hearted, will never cease to feel and welcome, a throb of respect and love for this hallowed name. Where is the student, who has not fallen into the oblivious stream of dissipation—who has not lost all the lofty feelings of a cultivated mind—but thinks with generous enthusiasm of his *alma mater*—his bright, beautiful, indulgent, *literary* mother. I shall not be charged with irreverence, or inappropriateness, if I should adapt the sublime apostrophe of David to this subject. “If I forget thee, my indulgent mother, may my right hand forget her cunning; and my tongue cleave to the

roof of my mouth, if I remember not my mother amid my chief joy."

Nor do accidental and unessential circumstances justify the alienation of filial affection. If your dear mother, "who sat in widowed state," should change her condition, and link her destiny to a noble name, you would surely not conclude that the development of her conjugal virtues would diminish her maternal worth. Nay, the true philosophy of mind would teach you, that as the kindling of contiguous fires increases the general heat, so the eliciting of new generous emotions brightens and strengthens all that were in action before. Do I, then, love my alma mater less, because she has been pleased to resign the title of a Queen,\* when her lord the king died a civil death by republican hands, and because she has adopted the unpretending cognomen of an American citizen? Surely no. For although the new name is not that of a king, yet it is one that will live in undying honor, when the memory of the Georges shall have sunk into oblivion. It is the name of a noble republican, immortalized by the willing sacrifice of large patrimonial possessions, which for the love of his country he abandoned to her enemies. Oh! that was an hour of the combined triumph of patriotism and piety, when from the heights of Harlem our patron looked back on

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\* When the speaker graduated, the name of the college was "Queens College."

his fair inheritance, stretching along the blue waters of the sound, and breathed the noble sentiment and devout prayer:—"For the love of liberty I leave all and go forth poor and an exile; but, if the God of my fathers shall ever permit that I sit down again in their ancient hall, then shall all this wealth be held as a tenure at will for his glory." Holy vow! answered by God, and nobly redeemed by its author and those who are coming after him!

But other changes, alumni consocii, have marked my mother's history, since what time your speaker meditated knowledge within these halls.

Where is that venerable head\* which inspired every heart with respect and reverence? Lifted up among the sons of light. But the silvered beauty of that honored head—the affectionate condescension of his patronizing address—the vigilance of his care—the cordiality of his love for the institution and for us—are justly represented in his respected successor.

And where is he† who led us "the stars among," who taught us to unravel the mystery of numbers, and to measure the areas of the earth and the distances of the heavens? He yet lives, to aid the tyro and to instruct the philosopher. He stands peerless in our land, now the greatly lamented Bowditch is no more. He has descended to the hall of freedom from college hours and rules, and left our alma mater, even more favored now than then, with genius, power and patience.

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\* Rev. Dr. Livingston.

† Robert Adrian, LL. D.

And may I touch a tender chord, unblamed, and without giving pain to those I love?

What if every circumstance in our mother's family be not arranged precisely to our mind and taste—if some of the children deemed some changes important to her prosperity, but others, and perhaps the older and more experienced ones, thought them unadvised and impracticable—should the ungratified juniors turn away in cold indifference? Would it be filial, to renounce her connection and fly away to strangers? Would the world honor such a course, conscience justify, or Heaven smile upon it? No. Foster children, had she faults, you would say,

“With all thy faults, I love thee still.”

Had she a prodigal steward, had she bad advisers, you might mourn over her misfortune—but she is mother still. You might talk of her trouble among yourselves, but strangers should never know it. You might deplore her disease and weakness, but you would not abandon her to die alone.

But, gentlemen, it is not expected that I should occupy the hour of this exercise with mere reminiscences of the past. Finding myself with surprise, although with head unblanched with age, a man of other times and of a former generation, I may assume to offer some suggestions, by which my juniors may be instructed, and my coevals not unedified. I will ask your attention to the consideration of a quality of mind, a grace of character, of the highest moral dignity, and the utmost practical importance; of

which the preceding remarks have contained the spirit, and conveyed an illustration. You may call it *Stability of Mind—firmness of purpose—fixedness of affection—immobility of position*.

*Fratres Alumni:* It will be evident to the most transient animadversion, that this grace of character is not a solitary petal, nor yet a single umbel, but a rich and well selected boquet of mental bloomings, bright with moral beauty, and redolent with sweetest fragrance. It is made up by careful and diligent collection from the prolific garden of our common nature, cultivated with the utmost care.

Careful study of the nature and value of opinions and of the subjects of action, must lay the foundation of this quality. With any other than enlightened views, and cautiously-weighed opinions, firmness would degenerate into the savage attribute of obstinacy, or the brutal trait of stubbornness. Patient study and close discrimination are the more indispensable, on account of the multitude of specious theories and visionary notions which abound in society. The rage of discovery drives men to the adoption of new and crude conceptions ; the ambition of genius cannot be content with the decisions of plain common sense ; and even prudence, if not doubly guarded, may be drawn into the outer circles of the vortex of mad speculation. To be firm in the purpose of producing and maintaining a false opinion, or a hair-brained scheme, would be madness instead of wisdom. The mind should therefore be habituated to

weigh, in the scales of a severe judgment, every opinion not sanctioned by experience, and deposit nothing in the store-house of its fixed principles but what had borne the scrutiny of close investigation, and a comparison with settled and immutable facts.

But in matters of practice and action, where firmness of purpose is particularly drawn in question, *deliberateness in decision* is especially demanded. Hasty conclusions may exhibit great absurdity, but hasty actions may involve us in irretrievable ruin. He that would persist in building, till his edifice is complete, and not be the laughing-stock of his neighbors, must sit down and count the cost, and be sure he has enough to finish, before he begins. This age is full of impracticable schemes. The ruined fortunes of many well-endowed families illustrate the folly of such decisions. "Look ere you leap," is a simple but pungent adage, which every young man, and every old man, too, should not fail to remember.

Having carefully weighed opinions, and being prepared to decide deliberately, the quality which is indispensable to stability is *independence of mind*.

It cannot be denied, that different minds, entertaining the same honesty of intention and acting on the same premises, will arrive at different conclusions. And this may be the case, where the mental powers are as nearly equal as possible. If, therefore, it were just to be swayed by the conclusions of other minds, we might veer about, just as often as we might happen to meet a new friend. Nay,

more—it is equally above denial, that a mind of inferior force and general qualities may judge rightly, while a gigantic intellect may be duped into the most erroneous conclusions. The shepherd of Salisbury plain, and the simple negro servant, judged the christian religion to be true, while Hume and Voltaire, Hobbes and Condorcet, concluded it was all a farce.

Unswayed by prejudice, unwarped by prepossessions, unawed by the authority even of the most overshadowing minds; appealing alone to reason in its calmest mood, to conscience heard in silence, and to God invoked in prayer, every man must conclude and determine for himself—and feel, that *for himself* that judgment must stand before all decisions, and that determination before all extraneous direction.

It is no insignificant commendation of this quality, that its absence disqualifies the individual for any of the important relations of life.

An unsettled, unstable mind, is not to be trusted in the common commercial business of the world. Without any purpose of falsehood, he may to-morrow fall from the bargain, to which he is not legally bound, which he negotiated to-day. Thus he may not only disappoint the expectation of a customer, a friend, or a fellow merchant, but he may involve them in putative falsehood, having made promises depending on the fulfillment of his; and he may injure their interest by defeating profitable negotiations, which depended on his fidelity to his engage-

ment. Who would wish to have such a partner in business, or such a chapman in trade?

Nor is he fit for a friend. In a friend, truth and faithfulness are essential. Without entire confidence, friendship cannot long exist. Let the promises, which were spoken by the lips, or the eye, or the hand, be often broken—although it be not by “malice prepense,” nor by deliberate intention; let it be by mistaken opinion, which a single dash of our argument can demolish, or by wrong persuasion, which a word of counter persuasion can correct, or by a carelessness which does not act strictly by any given rule; in any case, there is a breach of fidelity to the heart, and the friendship cannot last.

I need scarcely say, such a being is not fit for a christian. What will he do in the association of those whose vocation requires them to avow opinions against which the pride, the prejudice, the selfishness and the sinfulness of the human heart are arrayed; which are in diametrical opposition to the deductions of a proud but self-indulgent philosophy, and to all the maxims of the world?

How will he stand among those, whose rules of action are not drawn from the expediency or interest of the present hour, but have been delivered by the holy and eternal Jehovah, and contemplate results and interests that primarily respect the unseen good of the immaterial soul, and reach and mainly lie within the limits of boundless eternity? Without firmness of purpose, amid such a pressure of op-



posing influences, a man would be carried away as quickly as he who should attempt to stand on the branch of the flexile willow in the cataract of Niagara.

It cannot be regarded otherwise than as a very striking proof of the great power and high value of the trait of mind under consideration, that its presence compels a certain degree of respect to characters, which otherwise revolt our feelings by their crimes.

Unflinching persistence in wrong, almost infers conviction of right. Notwithstanding, therefore, the observer may most distinctly see the wrong, his feeling towards the perpetrator, is rather pity than condemnation for the error, mingled with admiration at the fixedness of purpose and the energy of effort, with which even a doubtful course is pursued. Two illustrious examples of this position offer themselves. At this age of the world, I believe, there is scarcely any difference of opinion, either as to the motives which impelled the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, nor as to the dire effects of his all-grasping ambition. But who can withhold the tribute of respect and admiration, in view of the indomitable perseverance, the singleness of aim, the immutability of purpose, and the concentrated force of genius, by which he prosecuted his all-encompassing designs; by which he circumvented the wisdom of the most astute, overreached the diplomacy of Metternich himself,

outgeneralled the united military skill of the age, drove his conquests like a whirlwind over the sunny plains of Italy, like a deluge over Egypt, and like a storm of snow mingled with fire on the impregnable battlements of the Kremlin.

But Milton's conception of 'the archangel ruin'd,' stands unrivalled as an illustration of this idea. In peril of defeat and expulsion from heaven, he cherished his rebellious scheme—detected and confronted by heaven's chivalry, he persisted. Humbled by Abdiel's stroke, cloven by

"the sword

Of Michael, from the armory of God  
Given him, tempered so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge,"

he quailed not. Driven from heaven by the mighty power of God's revealed brightness—prone in hell, accursed, agonized, doomed to be chained—yet was his bold intent to resist the Almighty unchanged. Strange and strong was his haughty defiance, thrown at Abdiel—

"Our puissance is our own ; our own right hand  
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
Who is our equal ; then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address ; and to begirt th' almighty throne  
Beseeching or besieging. . . This report,  
These tidings carry to the annointed King,  
And fly, ere evil interrupt thy flight."

Noble courage, worthy of a better cause ! Godlike immutability, that on the path of holiness and duty

might have ascended to the loftiest height of created excellence—and stood, first of thrones, dominions, principalities, around the eternal Jehovah!

But let us descend, and observe the effect of this quality on the affairs, characters and hopes of men.

Does the desire of wealth inspire the breast, or its possession give facilities to beneficence and enjoyment—firmness of purpose is an indispensable requisite to its acquisition. “The rolling stone gathers no moss.” No matter with what advantages, with what amount of needful investment, with what excellence of position, with what degree of talent and of general tact, any one may enter upon his chosen course of life—unless he has stability of purpose, his prospects will all be blasted. The waters of the sea would fail, were they not supplied by the ever bubbling fountain. The race-horse would not overtake the thief, unless he persevered till he reached him. Here examples are numberless, and might be invoked in multitudes, like spirits of “the vasty deep.”

On the contrary, how many fortunes have grown up to ducal splendor, not as by magic in a night, but like the splendid stalactites in the earth’s deep grottos, by the minute and unwearied depositions of months and years. Firmosus was a merchant of Boston, ruined at 60 by losses at sea. Who would not have lain down in despair? But no; he borrowed a small sum, purchased an article of prime ne-

cessity, increased its value by his labor, then peddled it from door to door, paid the loan, and with the balance of a few shillings began to trade on his own capital. Firmosus at 75, was again a man of wealth.

During the splendid empire of the mogul dynasty in India, about the time that Selim, the son of Ackbar, ascended the throne, Chaja<sup>A</sup>Aiass, a poor Tartar, captivated with the report of the glory of the empire and the wealth of the inhabitants, determined to try his fortune in that argentine land. He converted his humble possession into money, and with his wife and infant daughter set out on foot for Hindustan. During their long journey their means failed; in the desolate wilderness they were without food; their strength failed, so that in the hope of saving themselves they were compelled to leave their beautiful infant to die alone, beneath the shadow of a tree, and push on with all their might. But they had not gone beyond the sight of the tree, when the mother's heart failed, and she resolved to carry her infant along or perish with it. Fortunately they found unexpected relief, and arrived in the wished for land. Chaja Aiass, a man of talent and industry, addressed himself vigorously to business, and soon became known, and was introduced to the reigning dynasty. Selim at this time saw Noor Mahl, the little infant, now grown to a woman of most extraordinary beauty—sought and obtained her hand, and succeeding to the throne,

made her queen. Chaja was constituted vizier of the empire, the duties of which high office he discharged with distinguished ability to the end of his life; and his brothers were, through his influence, raised to the dignity of omrahs, and gave him efficient aid in the execution of his high duties. Chaja Aiass stands in history as a synonym for stability of purpose, and integrity of character, and successful enterprise.

The cultivation of this quality of mind is the path of true honor and greatness.

There is, I know, an honor which sometimes blazes forth upon a single action of uncommon daring, or of perhaps a mad desperation; but it is often like the lightning's flash, which makes the sudden ensuing darkness more deep and horrible. There is also a greatness, which, conceded for accidental circumstances, or for success achieved not by wisdom and energy, but by some stroke of fortune, rises like a mushroom in the night, and is, in its true estimation, about as worthless, and often as injurious as the fiery colored but poisonous toad-stool.

True honor and greatness can only arise from intrinsic merit. An accidental circumstance, a favorable providence, may be the base on which they rest; but the beautiful column, with all its hieroglyphic records of prudence and painfulness and patience and perseverance and success, has been fashioned and chiselled and polished and inscribed,

by the research of indefatigable study and the hand of unwearied toil. From the mind of the projector, the monumental memorials—honor to himself, good to mankind—never were absent; and in the execution of his work, his heart was never reluctant, his hand never rested. Difficulties might appal; defeat might stare, a horrid vision; friends might doubt and perhaps dissuade; enemies might scoff and threaten; but still his purpose never wavered, his labor never ceased; and at length there stood his work, fair as the needles of Cleopatra, imperishable as the pyramids of Thebes. Such was Abdiel,

“faithful found,

Among the faithless, faithful only he;

Among innumerable false, unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,

His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:—

Nor number nor example with him wrought

To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,

Tho’ single.”

Think of Christopher Columbus. How many courts he visited, how long he sued, what prejudices he combatted, what difficulties he encountered, what anguish he suffered, what arts he was obliged to practise;—but at last he bent his knee on the ideal world, now a sure reality, and introduced a new continent to the brotherhood of continents and islands, on which mind untrammelled might expand to her native dimensions, liberty run her glorious race, and true religion find an asylum from racks and fires and prisons.

But chiefly here let us honor our own immortal

Washington. O, name dear to every American heart! Name of greatness, that excites no envy; of glory, that kindles no blush! But what were the elements of this greatness? I need not tell the story. It is written in the stake of life and fortune on his country's success; it is testified in his sympathies for his coatless, bootless, breadless soldiers; it was seen in his unshaken mind, when money and men were alike wanting; it was known when the plains of Trenton echoed to his arms; it shone when Cornwallis bowed and gave his sword. Oh then it beamed in the soft beauty of auroral light, when—his country's redemption accomplished—her stars and stripes waving in the breeze of independence—he ungirt his military belt, resigned his lofty station of command, refused all compensation for his services—and retired, a simple citizen, among his admiring—almost adoring—fellow citizens. Ah, liberty and greatness of my country, ye are the product of heavenly mercy, employing inflexible determination of purpose and unwearying action!

But, gentlemen, this grace of character is the natural germ of *true virtue*, of *real goodness*, of *unalloyed happiness*.

For though it be true, that

“Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
Is Heaven's . . . gift,”

yet it is also true, that it comes not miraculously to the soul. It is the bloom of beauty produced by careful cultivation. According to the adage,

"Nemo fit repente pessimus,"

so by a just and ready parody we may say,

Nemo fit repente optimus.

Virtue, like a river, spreading out into a broad mirror-stream, brightening many a spot of cultivation, flows from the unobserved fountain of fixed and holy principle. It is, as its etymon suggests, the true manliness of man. But how unmanly must it seem, how like the little child hurrying from toy to toy, to be alway vacillating in opinion and changing in the course of action. If virtue be taken as a proper synonym of goodness, then is there but little real goodness where this trait is wanting. Indeed, however correct the conclusion of the mind may be to-day; however lovely or beneficial the conduct the present hour; where there is no stability of character, to-morrow that mind may have reverted to the grossest error—the next hour, that course may have given place to one the most revolting and injurious. The real good man, having taken wisdom for his counsellor, truth for his guide, benevolence for his companion, the example of the world's benefactors for his copy, the highest character and greatest sum of happiness for his object, pursues the noiseless and even tenor of his way, turning neither to the right nor to the left. I beg leave to refer you to the admirable picture of Dr. Young, of which I may only transfer a touch or two. Well did he invoke,

"Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw  
What nothing less than angel can exceed,



A man on earth devoted to the skies,  
 Like ships at sea—while in, above the world.  
 With aspect mild and elevated eye,  
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,  
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;  
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,  
 Like harmless thunders breaking at her feet,  
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.  
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptre'd and the slave,  
 A mingled mob, a wandering herd, he sees  
 Bewilder'd in the vale. In all unlike,  
 His full reverse in all. What higher praise!  
 What stronger demonstration of the right!  
 The *present* all *their* care; the *future* *his*.  
 Their virtues varnish nature—*his* exalt.  
 Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.  
 Theirs the wild chase of false felicities,  
 His, the composed possession of the true.  
 Alike throughout is his consistent piece,  
 All of one color, and an even thread,  
 While party-colored shades of happiness,  
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them  
 A madman's robe. Each puff of fortune blows  
 The tatters by, and shews their weakness."

This picture is the more impressive, from the deep  
 contrasting shades of malevolence, selfishness and in-  
 constancy, which are skilfully thrown on its ground.  
 It has also the double advantage of illustrating the  
 happiness of self-consistent virtue and real goodness,  
 as well as of exhibiting their modes of action.

I need not beg indulgence, in this place and com-  
 pany, to say, last of all, that settled principle, fixed  
 purpose, is essential to the highest style of man, to

the true christian, and is the precursor of that immutable virtue and bliss to which he aspires.

Gentlemen, here I speak in my proper sphere. Here the sacred and unappealable authority of the inspired word gathers round me. Blest and beneficent as religion is, it loses more than half its beauty and almost all its beneficial influence, when it appears in the uncertain, trimming, time-serving, trembling inconsistency of Jacob's eldest born. Ah, the good old patriarch sighed when he pronounced upon him this remarkably incongruous benediction, "the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power;" yet, "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." As no authority can be higher, so no direction can be more explicit, than that of the great apostolic philosopher—"Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." As of the condition, so of the character of the true disciples of Christ—the great master of Israel's lyre sung, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth forever." Indeed, it is only by firmness of purpose that the good christian can hope to extinguish the embers of corruption, that are within and ready to glow with the least breath of indulgence; to obtain the respect and confidence of the world, always ready to doubt the reality of his renovation; to enjoy sweet and holy peace of mind, so easily impaired by the effect of doubt, or the reflection of inconsistency; or, in a word, his union with Him who is the same yester-

day, to-day and forever; and his progressive preparation for that state, where one sole, mighty, blissful impulse moves the mind; one grand, beneficent, divine purpose, occupies the heart, from the last redeemed of earth, up to the great "I AM" himself. The time would fail, to cite heroic examples of christian steadfastness and singleness of purpose. Every country, every season, produces them; the ages of persecution have raised up armies of them. Ah, ye martyrs, whose blood runs in our veins—whose blood the impious duke of Alva made to soak the plains of Belgium, and to discolor the canals of Holland; rise up and testify! Here, too, come the unconquerable heroes of Lyons and Rouen, the noble Hugunots, who died without fear, and left home and country to preserve their faith. From their mountain caves I hear the psalm of David, swelling in the voices of the indomitable covenanters, driven from their homes and suffering the loss of all things for truth and conscience sake. But I cannot draw out their startling legend. I must be content with one single bold example, which stands up on the plain of history like a cloud-encircled mountain top, to be seen and admired by all. It is that of the immortal Luther. Ah, what singleness of aim—what changelessness of purpose—what immobility of position he exhibited. I see him in his cell at Wittenburg; I see him in the castle of Wartburgh; I see him at Erfurt and at Eisenach; always the same—in truth established, in intention unwavering, nei-

ther alarmed by the fear-inspiring anticipations of Staupitz, nor subdued by the softer spirit of his beloved Melanchton. But the greatest display of his immovable heart occurred at the celebrated diet of Worms. Who, educated in the retirement of the cloister, unused to grand assemblies, undisciplined to high contention, would not have shrunk in such circumstances? There sat the pope's nuncio, the fierce and bigoted Aleander, in royal robes; around were gathered the electors, counsellors, princes of the empire. To truth, it was the season of her triumph or defeat; to Luther, the hour that determined his life or death. Did he temporize? Did he falter? No. Little less than angel copy, he stood "unterrified, unseduced." Oh, my heart ever thrills, when I see the divinely-sustained man lift up his hand towards the God of heaven, and laying broad his argument in irrefutable truth exclaiming,

'Hier stehe ich : ich kan nicht anders. Gott helfer mir. Amen.'\*

Such heroism was worthy of a christian! It convinced the princes; it struck the general mind; it moved the empire: it shook the papal throne; it won the reformation.

*Gentlemen alumni*: Many of you, I am happy to say, are already the avowed and consistent disciples of the great Teacher come from God, and I devoutly wish every one of you may soon be such. Though every one of us cannot be a Luther, yet may Heaven

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\* Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise. So help me God. Amen.

grant, that our religious principles may be well digested and unchangeable as his: and like his, our course of action direct, consistent, ever onward.

*In conclusion.* My worthy compeers—as your indulgence has allowed me the endeavor to be instructive rather than philosophical, it is fitting to finish this offering to your worth and happiness, by some reference to the various and interesting claims which our subject presents to each of us personally.

Our own personal honor and enjoyment invoke a favorable regard to this quality. We cannot be among the honorable of the earth, unless we can be relied upon as pillars of confidence, that will not be crumbled by the magic touch of interest, or overturned by the rude force of carelessness or enmity. We cannot repose on the couch of calm self-esteem, unless there lie by us the records of unvarying truth, and unless we feel stirring within us, like the pulsations of a moral heart, the living and immortal principle of benevolence, strengthened in its conscious vitality and power by the memory of a uniform and virtuous life. The glory and stability of our country, of our republican institutions, and the continuance and progress of our christian and protestant privileges, implore our deep and religious attention to fixed principles and firm purposes. Without prophetic gifts, I see in the dim vista of the coming age, that “troublesome times” will fall upon my country and the church of God. The rampant spi-

rit of jacobinism, and the foul and fierce impulses of libertinism, by the concession of opposing parties, (gradually) gaining freedom from all restraint, will presume to celebrate their orgies beneath the outspread wings of our eagle, and will erect their temples of reason and dissipation against the walls of the temple of God. Before the adjacent doors, will some seeming angel of light hold vigils night and day, to invite the passenger to forsake the antiquated palaces of political and religious doctrine, and to enter the splendid halls of reason, and listen to the eloquent advocates of modern and wonderful discoveries respecting the dignity and perfectibility of man, Then will the name of Washington be blotted out of the tablet of fame, and that of some Robespierre inserted. Then will the glory of the eternal God and his coequal Son be desecrated, and the god of nature be foisted into his places. The landmarks of truth and right will be removed; knowledge and wisdom will retire, and ignorance and folly will seize the helm; security of property and life will cease, and fraud, lawless rapine, public oppression and licensed murder will ensue. Ah, who will rise up then, to build the foundations of many generations? Who will stand on the rock, to keep the torrent of vice at abeyance, and prevent the fulfilment of this prediction?

*Brethren alumni*, be this honor ours and our sons'. Ours, who have been dandled on the knee of wisdom, and nourished from the bosom of truth;

ours, in whose veins flows the recent blood of those who died for truth by the dykes of Holland, and on the plains of France; and nearer still, of those who but yesterday hazarded their lives unto the death in the high places of the martial field, and conquered or died for liberty and religion.

On the day preceding Commencement, the Association held their Anniversary, when, after the oration was delivered, the following resolutions were passed.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Association be presented to the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff for his instructive and eloquent oration; and that a copy be requested for publication.

*Resolved*, That we, who are members of this Association, feel with increasing force the importance of endowing a Professorship of Chemistry, &c. in the College; and that we will continue and redouble our efforts to accomplish it. For this purpose, also,

*Resolved*, That every member of the Association be requested to make, and to solicit donations during the present year, and to report his success at the next annual meeting.

*Resolved*, That the President and Vice-President about to be elected for the present year be, and they hereby are, authorized to collect, and transfer to the treasurer of the Association, the funds which have already been subscribed towards the maintenance of the above named Professor of Chemistry, &c.

The following elections were made for the ensuing year:

George A. Vroom, Esq., President.

G. B. Adrain, Esq., Vice-President.

Rev. Wm. Riley, Curator.

Edward Cook, Esq., Secretary.

R. H. Pruyn, Esq., Orator.

G. B. Adrain, Esq., Secundus.

Whereupon, the Association adjourned.

C. C. VAN ARSDALE, *President*.

G. B. ADEAIN, *Secretary*.











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